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*THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
IN OUDH*



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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
IN THE
OUDH AND NEPAL FORESTS

A LETTER FROM INDIA



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1870

SK 235
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NOTE.—*The proofs of this Pamphlet have been corrected by the brother of the writer, from whose ignorance of Sporting matters some errors may have crept in.*

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SEETAPOOR, OUDH, *April* 1870.

MY DEAR ———

A previous letter told you of our return from the forests, and promised a full account of what we saw and did there ; but I am not sure that I explained to you how we came to make up a shooting party so early in the season.

When it became known that the Duke of Edinburgh would visit Lucknow on his tour through India, we all felt that, be the season bad or good, we could not let a great sportsman like the Duke pass through the finest shooting country in India without giving him the opportunity of trying his rifle at some of our big game. It was therefore determined that the chief civil officers of the Oudh Administration should invite His Royal Highness to a shooting party in the Forests, an invitation which in due time was accepted ; and as the best shooting-ground lay within or near the borders of my division, and we were anxious not to spoil sport by overcrowding the camp, it was arranged that I should be the sole representative of the civil officers, as host and shikaree.

Later it became known that the Maharajah, Sir Jung Bahadoor, Prime Minister and virtual ruler of Nepal, intended to come down to the frontier to meet the Duke; and this intention was ultimately carried out, though for a time we were left in doubt as to his movements, because of the difficulty of communicating with him in a jungle where roads are few and post-offices unknown.

The shooting-ground is the great belt of forest which lies along the foot of the Himalaya range, and is commonly known as the "Terae," because of the moist (tur) character of its soil. This belt is intersected midway for some part of its length by the Mohanah or Mohan River, a tributary of the Ghogra, the waters of which ultimately reach the sea through the Ganges; and this Mohanah forms the boundary line between Nepal and British territory, its nearest point being distant about seventy miles from my head-quarters. The country is of the wildest, the forest being full of tigers and game of all sorts, destitute of roads or bridges, and broken everywhere by nullahs and watercourses.

But just because the vegetation is so luxuriant, and the forest so extensive, good shooting can only be had when the summer heat has dried up much of the grass and undergrowth, and the tiger is driven to take refuge in the long reeds and rank grass on the borders of swamps, where he can conceal himself in a cool place, and find water without having to travel for it. It is commonly considered hopeless to get tigers in February upon any terms,

and this year the difficulty was unusually great, because the warm weather set in late, and there was a plentiful fall of rain in the early part of the month, so that the grass was still green and rank, even in the beginning of March. When I speak of grass, I do not mean that which in England you make into hay, but tall stuff with reed-like stems as thick as one's finger, and ten feet high ; and when I tell you that before this is dry enough to burn, it stands in unbroken patches many square miles in extent, you will easily understand the difficulty in finding tigers, of which I shall presently have to speak.

All the native gentry sent me their elephants and howdahs and their palankins and men to carry the travellers out to the ground ; and when all the arrangements for the safe transit of our guests had been made, I ordered a general rendezvous for all the elephants, servants, and camp equipage at Kheree, thirty miles on the way towards the forest ; and on the 13th February I joined the camp at that place, taking with me, as quartermaster-general and aide-de-camp, Captain Gordon Young, whose perfect command of the language, untiring energy, and excellent head, render his assistance in a camp of this kind very valuable.

During our stay in the jungles, I kept a rough diary, sending off the sheets each day to —, and though it was necessarily written in great haste, it has at least the merit of having been written while the incidents which it describes were fresh upon my memory ; and perhaps for this reason, it may serve

to bring them before you more vividly than would a more laboured narrative written a month later. The diary opens on the 14th February at Kheree.

A grand scramble to-day to get everything in order for to-morrow's march. There has been heavy rain, and the soaking tents are too heavy for the camels which are to carry them, and they must be pitched and dried. Some of the store carts are behind, and must be got up at any cost. Elephants keep turning up at all hours, and their drivers propose knotty questions regarding their health and temper and the state of the commissariat arrangements. This elephant has a toothache, and cannot eat ; that tall one has hurt his toe, and cannot walk ; this gaunt animal, with a backbone like the keel of a boat, of course has a sore back ; that sinister-looking villain with one eye, and tusks splintered at the end, is given to brawling, and must be separated from all the rest. All the new camp servants insist on having their duties defined with precision and despatch ; and as there are some hundreds of them, and each thinks his own functions the most important, and they all speak at once, there is a good deal of noise and some confusion.

But by night the tents are dry ; some of the missing carts have come up ; the evil-tempered elephants have been tied to solitary trees, the lame ones have gone back to their homes ; the host of servants are all engaged in the silent mysteries of cooking, and a hundred cosy-looking little fires twinkle among the trees under which our camp is pitched.

15th February.—Marched eight miles to Phoolbehur, and gave the elephants a little practice at beating in line on the grass plains to the left of the road as we came along. Very little game to be seen, and one antelope and a few birds were all we shot.

16th February.—To Adilabad eight miles. Beat the grass and jungle to the south of Puchperee Ghât by the way. Game scarce, and the gon very wild. Bag—

2 Neelgae.

3 Gon.

1 Antelope.

3 Florikan.

In camp we found thirty-five elephants belonging to the Maharaja of Bulrampoor awaiting our arrival. They had come across country from his estate beyond the Ghogra.

The crossing of the Chowka this evening was a very pretty sight. The river is some five hundred yards wide, and has a steep bank on the south, with low sandy flats on the other side, the water being deepest immediately under the high bank, but nowhere more than about nine feet. The large howdah elephants carried us over dry, but some of the smaller ones had to swim for part of the distance, and it was very amusing to see them slide so rapidly down the steep bank that they disappeared with the riders in the pool at its foot. The dexterity with which young and old, small and large, get down these steep crumbling banks is marvellous.

The clever brute approaches the edge, and

crouches down close to it, and putting his fore-legs straight before him, and his hind-legs out behind, he makes himself into a monster sledge, and slides down the steepest places without a mistake, his broad, flat fore-feet operating as a drag, as he goes down, and finally pulling him up when he arrives at the bottom. It was very interesting to watch the long line of elephants as they took the slope in turn, and filed across the broad deep stream, passing here and there a ferry-boat crowded with wild, picturesque figures, and perhaps half a dozen camels swimming alongside.

17th February.—Marched to Singhae, ten miles, shooting by the way. Bag—Two boars, one gon, eight partridges. The gon was shot by Young very cleverly. He broke cover at a distance and galloped across a deep pool of water two hundred yards off, stopping for an instant in the middle to see what had disturbed him, and at that critical moment a bullet from Young's rifle dropped him dead.

18th February.—The camp was pitched to-day in readiness for the Duke's arrival, but at four o'clock an express arrived from the camp of Maharajah Sir Jung Bahadoor, bringing letters from Colonel Lawrence, the resident of Nepal, to say that Sir Jung was coming to meet His Royal Highness on the frontier. The elephant which brought this express had come forty miles in one day, and was declared ready to return after a night's rest. I intended to have commenced shooting from our present camp, but this intelligence upset all my arrangements, and

rendered it necessary to take the camp nearer to the Nepal boundary.

19th February.—This morning the elephant started on his return journey of forty miles with a letter for Colonel Lawrence, and in the afternoon the camp was moved to the banks of the Jowraha river, and pitched on an open level plain of green turf with a few shady trees upon it, and close to the margin of the stream, which, though somewhat sluggish, is very clear and prettily fringed by willows and sedges.

Some rifle shooting in the evening on the banks of the river. Some of the native sportsmen present much excited by seeing me hit an orange with a rifle bullet when thrown into the air. Proposition to hit a pice received with derision on account of the small size of the coin, which is not so large as a half-penny; but Young threw it, and I hit it the third shot. Then Jung Bahadoor Sah, a very good shot at birds, said he would like to try the orange, so we gave him Bēl fruit, twice the size of oranges; and after a few failures, he hit three times in succession, quite as much to his own astonishment as to ours.

20th February.—This morning's post brings letters saying that the Duke will not be here till the morning of the 23d, though half the party will arrive on the 22d. The camp looks charming this morning; and as we have left our elephants behind at Singhae, we have perfect quiet. Last night a commissariat elephant came into camp, whose appearance was sufficiently remarkable to attract attention. His

name was "Bacon," but whether called after the great philosopher of that name, or only after that particular form of salt provisions, I did not learn. Bacon has an evil eye and a truculent expression of face, and his tusks are very thick and shod with iron at the ends. I am not surprised to find, on further inquiry, that Bacon was once a fighting elephant belonging to the King of Oudh, and that the political complications which brought that monarch from his throne have also degraded Bacon to the dead level of other beasts of burden.

His mahout is armed with a long spear, with which he points his arguments in case of any dispute with the philosopher; and he informs me that Bacon is a murdering ruffian, who will kill a man, or break his limbs, on very slight provocation. *Memorandum*—To give Bacon a wide berth in future, and not to take him out shooting with the Duke, lest he take to "arguing" with the Shikarees, and trample some one to death.

Fortunately elephants are not all like Bacon. There is Shagoon Pershad, a noble tusker which I ride every day; he is just as big and strong and brave as Bacon, but his head is quite noble in its contour, and his manner and expression are frank and genial, nay, almost sunny. He is glad to see you if you go up and speak to him—none the less so if you have an orange or a bit of bread to give him; and he has many amusing little tricks. The custody of his trunk seems to fatigue him, and occasionally he affects to hold it in his mouth to take the weight

off his nose ; while, at other times, he will hang the thing over his tusk, limp and flaccid like a large dead leech, a foreign body not belonging to him in any way, and a horrid bore to carry.

At 5 P.M. another express came in from Jung Bahadoor's camp, to inform me of the Maharajah's arrival at Seadhane, a village on the Nepal side of the frontier, where there is fine cover for tigers. I quite counted on giving the Duke at least one out of it, but Sir Jung Bahadoor has anticipated me ; and Colonel Lawrence says that he surrounded the cover as soon as he arrived, and killed two young tigers in it, the mother escaping to the forest. This is not a very cheerful beginning, for tigers are extremely difficult to find at this season of the year, and the loss of a chance like this is disappointing. However, I cannot blame the Maharajah for killing the cubs, as the family certainly would not have remained many hours in the vicinity of a camp like his.

21st February.—Went to sleep last night very tired, and was disturbed about eleven o'clock by some one calling out, Sir ! *Sir* !! SIR !!! from the outside of my tent.

“ Well, what is it ? ”

“ It's me, sir ! ”

“ Oh ! well, who are you ? ”

“ I'm in charge of His Royal Highness's traps, sir.”

“ Oh ! ” falling asleep again.

“ Yes, they're come.”

“ Oh ! ” waking up again, wondering where I am.

“ Yes ! ”

Pause, in which I recollect my scattered thoughts.

“ Oh, come in then.”

Enter a corporal of marines, dusty, tired, and half-starved, carrying a torch taken from the Dak Massalchi. With him smoke, noisome smell, and blaze of light. “ Oh ! I *say* !! Take that horrid thing out. You ’ll suffocate me, and I shall not be able to sleep in the tent for smoke.”

Exit corporal of marines, crest-fallen, and looking more tired than before. Then from the outside, speaking through a double wall of canvas, his voice sounding as if he had his head in a bag, “ I cannot get any other sort of light, sir ! ” Happy thought, “ Come in in the dark, then.”

Re-enter corporal of marines, followed shortly afterwards by an alarmed native servant, with a light, who thinks his master must be in some serious difficulty with the military stranger.

The corporal explains that he has been “ at it ” since morning without food or drink, and is very much tired and done-up as well. He may be, but as his tent is pitched, and supper waiting, he cheers up again, and by and by I fall asleep in spite of the palkee bearers, who make more clatter over unpacking the Duke’s rifles and ammunition than would the crew of the *Galatea* in landing all her guns and stores. This morning at dawn the corporal was up again, as fresh as if he had been idling all yesterday. His energy is irrepressible ; and

though he cannot speak a word of the language, he has a way of his own of making himself understood by the natives. He is devoted to his Royal master, and, I hear, described the Duke this morning—in strict confidence, of course—as “a right-down jolly young fellow, who likes every one to have his fun, and not be put out along of him;” and as one who could “rough it” with the best of us, if necessary.

Before breakfast, enter Colonel Richard Lawrence, C.B., resident of Nepal, a frank, good-tempered, jolly, bronzed, old soldier, full of life and fun. He is the late Viceroy’s brother, and, as “Dick Lawrence,” his name is a household word in the Punjab, where I knew him many years ago. We agree to move the camp to-morrow to the banks of the Mohan, and to cross into Nepal the day His Royal Highness arrives. Half the party are to be here to-morrow morning, and we propose to shoot up to the river with them after breakfast.

Jung Bahadoor’s propositions are, that we shall kill a tiger or two in his peculiar fashion, and then make for the forest in the interior to catch elephants, returning to our own side of the water to shoot in the English way. The details are to be settled by Jung Bahadoor in conference with me to-morrow evening.

At 2 P.M. Colonel Lawrence went back to his camp on the Nepal side. In the evening had all the howdahs up for examination as to soundness, and rejected several as dangerous, telling off one good one to every sportsman who is to join the

camp. To His Royal Highness gave Captain Gordon Young's howdah, as being, on the whole, the lightest and strongest, and of the most modern shape.

Later, a little rifle shooting at oranges thrown up. Hit several, and afterwards pierced a rupee clean through the centre when thrown up in the same way ; a second rupee was hit, but the hole was not in the centre, and the edge was broken.

At night some of the servants turned up very tired and hungry. They travelled in a cart, and one of them who had walked part of the way informed me that he had come "overland," as if he thought I might fancy he had come by water.

22d February.—At daylight the first of our guests arrived in camp. Colonel Probyn, V.C., C.B; Colonel Reilly; Lord Charles Beresford; Captain the Hon. E. Yorke; Captain Clark; Dr Watson. All seem very pleasant fellows and disposed to make the best of everything.

After breakfast we broke up the camp, and marched towards the Mohan river, taking the forest on our way. Found the jungle, as I expected, very thick, and the grass very extensive. Runwas Tal, which generally holds a tiger in the dry season, was too full of water, and though there was beautiful cover along its banks, there was too much of it to be manageable. This was true of all the cover we tried to-day, for not only is the season too early for tiger shooting, but a fall of rain a fortnight ago

seems to have put back the hot weather by a good month.

The jungle is full of game, however, and though we got no tiger, and while looking for one were compelled to let all other game escape, in the evening there was a good deal of general shooting at birds and deer. Here is a list of the varieties of game we saw in great numbers :—

Snipe, three kinds.

Quail, two kinds.

Black partridge.

Florikan.

Pea-fowl.

Ducks.

Teal.

Antelope.

Hog-deer.

Spotted-deer.

Pigs.

Civet cats.

Of these the hog-deer and pea-fowl were perhaps the most numerous, and in some places the jungle seemed to be alive with them. This profusion of game is the great drawback to tiger shooting, for it is impossible to get tigers if you fire at other game ; and yet, wherever there are tigers, the mixed shooting is commonly first-rate.

To-day we passed through some of the finest Sal Forest which is left to the Indian Government since the jungles trans-Mohan were made over to Nepal ; and though what we saw to-day hardly

comes up to the best on the other side of the water, it was still very fine. These forests are to me indescribably beautiful. Cool and still and peaceful as the interior of a great cathedral, a sort of York Minster, miles in length, with giant sal trees for columns, and stained windows formed of leafy screens of every shade of green, through which the bright sun streams down and covers the leaf-strewn floor with a fanciful mosaic of shadows.

Here and there you emerge upon a green savanna with a pool of water in its midst, its surface tangled with water-lilies and dotted over with wild-ducks, and perhaps a herd of spotted deer at the far-off edge. Farther on you may come upon a deep watercourse like the fissure made by an earthquake, the sides covered with dry and tangled grass as high as your elephant, and the swampy bottom a mass of reeds and rotting vegetation. This gloomy-looking spot is not the least like a cathedral; it is more like a den of robbers and murderers; and into such a place as this the tiger drags his prey to eat it at leisure, and here he is often found at home in the hot days of summer, when he wanders little in the forest, and leaves his cool retreat only to search for a fresh victim.

The great variety of the forest scenery is perhaps its chief attraction, for there is everything here, from soft green velvet turf to the villainous thicket of tiger-grass; from a tiny sedgy pool holding a few ducks to a lake deep enough to float a ship; from the modest water-lily on the pond to the flowering

creeper fifty feet high, and strong enough to strangle the mighty sal tree round which it clings.

Pea-fowl are here found in great numbers, and it is not an uncommon thing to put up a dozen at the end of a patch of grass. The cock shows to great advantage as he flashes out of the dry grass into the sun, in a glory of colour, and streams away to the forest for shelter.

In the thickest part of the forest to-day some of our party were separated from the line, and lost themselves for almost two hours. They were not aware of the necessity for keeping together, and once away from the main body they could not be traced again; and it was only after many fruitless efforts to recall them, and when we were on the point of leaving them to find their way home, that they turned up again—of course, on the side from which we least expected them.

Arriving in camp at dusk, I found Maharajah Jung Bahadoor waiting for me on the banks of the river, with the official umbrella held over his head. I dismounted from my elephant and he from his pony, and we shook hands—English fashion. After a few words of greeting, I proposed to go to his camp on a friendly visit; and remounting his pony, he led the way to his tent. Chairs were brought out and placed in a row upon a carpet spread in the open air, and as it was nearly dark, the Maharajah called for candles, which were promptly brought and arranged on the ground at the edge of the carpet. They were of very large size, and their candlesticks

of solid silver, were apparently of great weight and value. A few of the Maharajah's chief officers joined us, but as my visit was of a friendly and unofficial kind, no ceremonies were observed. We talked of England and Sir Jung's visit there, of elephants and shikar in general, and of to-morrow's prospects in particular. He seemed certain of one tiger, but thinks with me that the jungle is hopelessly thick, and he has set his heart on showing the duke some elephant-catching, which he thinks the most royal sport in the world. As we sat there he discussed the merits of his great fighting elephant Jung Pershad, who stood before us tied to a tree not twenty paces off. He is simply a monster in point of strength, and it is said that, while he has never yet met his match in the field, he has killed several elephants hardly his inferior in stature. His great point appears to be his bone and substance, combined, of course, with great courage. He has no perceptible neck, and his fore-legs are very muscular and slightly boned, and because of the great breadth of his chest they stand very wide apart. The Maharajah made him lie on his side while we inspected his proportions, and it was while in this position that the great thickness of the beast was most strikingly apparent.

I found Sir Jung Bahadoor a most interesting companion, and it was quite dark before I took my leave.

23d February.—The Duke arrived this morning at eight o'clock, having travelled from Kheree in a palki. His frank and genial manners put me on

pleasant terms with him at once, and he seemed disposed to be content with everything about the camp. In half an hour tents and howdahs had been inspected and approved, and the details of the shooting expedition were arranged. Lunch was condemned as mere waste of valuable time, and it was agreed that we should work hard from ten till five every day, in order to cover as much ground as possible during the few days which could be given to sport.

Our remaining guests were not far behind, and the following arrivals completed the party :—

Gen. Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.; Captain Haig ; Colonel Fraser, V.C., C.B. ; Doctor Fayrer, C.S.I.

The Duke came in without his luggage, which was left behind somehow on the road ; and his sole belongings when he arrived were, to use his own words, “ a pair of hair brushes, and a bottle of soda-water.” The missing luggage, however, turned up later.

At eleven o'clock the Maharajah, Sir Jung Bahadur, crossed the river to pay a visit of ceremony to His Royal Highness. On his arrival a few days ago, Sir Jung ordered a bridge to be thrown across the Mohan to connect the two camps, and in forty-eight hours a very fair temporary bridge was erected by his followers, so that on this occasion the Maharajah was able to ride in state from his own tents to our camp without dismounting.

The arrangements for his reception were simple.

The camp was pitched in a long street, with the Duke's tent across one end, the flag-staff, carrying the royal standard, being placed in the centre. A large shamianah was pitched near the flag-staff, and the approach to it was lined with two rows of elephants carrying shooting howdahs.

The Maharajah was attended from his camp by the **R**esident, Colonel Lawrence, C.B., and was received by me at the entrance to the main street of the camp, where he alighted from his horse. He wore a military uniform, with the Grand Cross of the Bath, and the mutiny medal—his coat, trousers, boots, and spurs being of the English pattern. His head-dress was of great value; and I was told, on good authority, that it cost £40,000. It was composed chiefly of diamonds, with a costly fringe of pear-shaped emeralds round its edge; and it carried two plumes, one of bird of Paradise, and one of peacock feathers—the latter, I believe, being a mark of distinction conferred upon him by the Emperor of China.

A Nepalese guard of honour, with full band, provided by the Maharajah, were drawn up in front of the reception-tent, to salute as we passed in. The band played, "The girls we left behind us," in honour of the English visitors let us hope, for Sir Jung has six wives in camp with him.

The minister walked to the reception-tent, Colonel Lawrence and I each giving a hand, and the Duke moving towards the edge of the carpet to meet him.

As soon as I had formally presented the Maharajah, he, in his turn, presented to His Royal Highness the distinguished Nepalese officers who accompanied him. When all were seated, Sir Jung expressed to His Royal Highness the great pride and gratification with which he received a son of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of England, and promised to make the Duke's visit to Nepal as pleasant as lay within his power; and after a short conversation, Sir Jung took his leave.

I had privately arranged with Sir Jung to give him half an hour's interval, in which to get rid of his state dress, and at the end of that time we all mounted our elephants, and crossed the river into Nepal, fording the stream just above the bridge. By this time Sir Jung's camp was alive with elephants preparing for the start, and the Maharajah at once mounted and gave the word to his people to move on.

A great change had come over Sir Jung in this short half-hour. The stiff military uniform had given way to a short easy fitting jacket of light-blue silk and white trousers, and the gorgeous head-dress was supplanted by the British-Indian *solah topee*, or pith hat; only Sir Jung had adopted the broad-brimmed shape, as worn by the South American planters, in pictures at least.

He looked very like business in his howdah, and his turn-out, though differing from the English fashion, was strong and workman-like in every way. There were places in his howdah for eight guns

ranged one above the other, four on each side, and every one of these places held a double-barrelled Lancaster small bore rifle. In the English howdah the muzzles of the guns point upwards and forwards, but in Sir Jung's howdah the order is reversed, and the guns point nearly straight to the rear. I do not like the change, for if it is your luck to follow a shooter armed in this way, you have to look down sixteen barrels at the bullets lying at the bottom, and in crushing through the forest it seems just possible that one or other of these barrels may go off. For myself, I can say that I did not look down them oftener than I could help, and the Duke shared my prejudices.

Sir Jung, though comparatively an old man, is still full of life and energy, and his keen penetrating eye and wiry frame show him to be, what he has often proved himself, a man of great intelligence, daring, and activity. There is a look about his face which I have rarely if ever seen in an Asiatic—a strained and almost painful look—as though he were full of pent-up nervous energy, almost too strong to be suppressed. He is a thorough sportsman; very few can approach him in skill with the double rifle, and his stud of hunting elephants is probably unequalled in the world. These animals are nearly all caught by himself, they are never allowed to carry burdens, and they are highly fed and trained to rapid movements from the time they enter his stud. In this way he has got together a string of elephants, which for speed and good condi-

tion have no rivals. There are about two hundred and eighty of them in camp with Sir Jung, and as we have one hundred and thirty with us, there are over four hundred in the field when the whole line is out. The Maharajah's elephants are all trained to work by sound of bugle, and they are told off into two wings with a colonel in command of each, Sir Jung directing the movements from the centre.

A tiger had been marked down a day or two before, and a scout came in in the early morning with news of his having killed a buffalo in the night, so there was every chance of finding him at his home in an extensive patch of high grass lying on the skirts of the Sal Forest—a spot peculiarly adapted to show Sir Jung's tactics to advantage, for to beat for the tiger in line would be to lose him in the extensive ^{gr}ass, and his ultimate escape to the forest would be more than probable.

The Maharajah marched his elephants in Indian file, at from five to ten yards apart, completely round the suspected place, taking in not only the whole of the grass plain, but the outskirts of the forest with it. There is no difficulty about this, for an intelligent officer on the leading animal shows the way, and every elephant follows on the same track—the line winding over the country like a long black snake.

When the circle was sufficiently near completion to cut the tiger off from his line of retreat, the elephants were halted and faced inwards by sound of bugle. The English sportsmen formed part of the

cordon, and did not enter the forest, so that they could see all that went on. At the next bugle sound, that side of the circle which was in the forest began to close in towards the centre, so as to sweep the tiger out of the tree jungle if he were there. Few who saw that magnificent line of elephants come stealing out from under the great sal trees are likely to forget the sight. There was no noise, no shouting, nothing but the rustling of the dry grass, and the occasional crack of a broken branch ; and, as the edges of the forest were uneven, the elephants did not show all at once, but kept cropping out here and there in unexpected places, until the whole had emerged, and the line was complete. At this time the sight was very interesting and beautiful, for the circle was not less than eight hundred yards across, and the line of elephants could be seen for a great part of the circumference, their black hides and glistening white tusks in sharp contrast with the bright green foliage of the forest in the background.

Into this magic circle the Maharajah's elephant and mine now made their way, Sir Jung carrying the Duke in the front place of the howdah, and the Maharajah taking the back seat, in order to hand the Duke his guns—this being the Oriental mode of signifying his acknowledgments of the Duke's high rank, and his own desire to do honour to the Queen's son ; while my duty was to interpret between Sir Jung and the Duke, and to render aid in case of accident. As we neared the centre of the ^{gr}pass

plain, the Duke's quick eye caught sight of the tiger, and we saw him trot leisurely across an open patch of turf, and disappear in a deep and rugged watercourse which here intersected the jungle. We followed, and as the line closed in towards the centre, perhaps a hundred elephants had to scramble across this nullah, which was not only deep, but had very precipitous sides overhung by trees; and it was very pretty to see the elephants struggling up the banks, and breaking down the trees which impeded their progress. At last, however, all were extricated, and the circle by this time was not more than one hundred yards across, the centre space being a patch of thick tiger grass, in which our enemy was waiting for us. There was not standing room here for all the elephants in one row, and wherever there was crowding the line was doubled, and in some places trebled, the intelligent brutes falling into their places like well-drilled soldiers.

We now took our two elephants abreast into the thickest of the grass. The tiger did not wait, but sprang out to meet us with that half-grunt, half-roar, which all tigers give when they mean mischief, and for an instant I thought that he must get up on one elephant or the other; but they were both so taken by surprise that they swerved a little, and he passed between them, making for the margin of the circle. Here, however, he found a wall of elephants standing in his way, and turning aside at once he galloped round the ring, roaring loudly, and lashing his tail like an angry cat on a large scale. But all

his frantic rushes at the elephants failed to break the line, and he at length took refuge in the thick grass. Again we stirred him up, and this time he was not to be trifled with, and as he rose to spring on the elephant, the Duke dropped him neatly with a shot in the back. Practically this was the end of him, for he was quite disabled, though he plunged about a good deal, and made savage efforts to use his claws and teeth on the elephant nearest to him. The Duke, however, soon despatched him. He was a fine stout tiger, measuring ten feet six on the ground, though his skin was eleven feet six when spread out to dry.

An elephant was now brought up to carry him off, but instead of lying down by his side quietly to take up her load, she began kicking him violently, and was removed with difficulty, and very much against her will, to make way for a more temperate animal. At last the tiger was padded, and sent off to the tents to be skinned, and we then formed line and spent the rest of the afternoon in beating, English fashion—the Maharajah resigning the steering of the line to me.

This mode of shooting is followed in this part of India by all European sportsmen; and though it is less showy, it has many advantages over Sir Jung's plan, and does not require so large a number of elephants. The howdahs are distributed along the line, and the game is taken as it comes, each shooter getting his fair share of the sport.

There was a great deal of miscellaneous shooting,

and the Duke seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. I have never before managed a line of four hundred elephants, and it is probable there never was one of this length in the field in any country. The march across the grass-covered plains was really a beautiful sight, for Sir Jung's elephants keep line admirably, and are very quick in regaining their position if they lose it. Much game of course got away, for all the sportsmen did not shoot, and we had not guns enough for so long a line, but the bag at the close of the day was respectable.

- 1 Tiger.
- 18 Deer.
- 1 Boar.
- 2 Jungle-cock.
- 8 Hares.
- 14 Partridges.
- 2 Pea-fowl.

Note.—I do not think my description of this day's shooting approaches that given by a student of the Elphinstone College at Bombay, in an Ode to the Duke, presented on his visit to that city a few weeks later, but you shall judge for yourself. The facts have perhaps been a little exaggerated by the "frantic fondness" of the writer :—

" BOMBAY.

"Thine early years have rich experience store,
Discreetly suck'd from half the world and more ;
Distant Australia's golden clime has seen
The youthful son of great Britannia's Queen.
New Zealand's isles, the inhospitable coast
Of strange Japan, thy welcome visit boast ;
While jealous China, too, among the rest,

Has done high honours to its princely guest.
 In dusky Afric's vast and desert plain
 The roaring lion of the shaggy main,
 With powerless anger staring fierce around,
 Dropt lifeless to thy well-aim'd rifle's sound.
 In Nepal's wilds the tiger fell was shot
 'Mid stately elephants that girt the spot ;
 One thousand tuskèd beasts in grand array
 With measured steps the bugle's note obey.
 Than such a scene of sylvan grandeur rare,
 What has thine England lovelier to compare ?
 For thee we make this lustrous sheen of light,
 For thee these arches of triumphal height.
 Shouldst thou our pageantry and pomp of fire
 Unfruitful deem, and therefore less admire ;
 Though idle pomp such shows perchance appear,
 Bethink thee they a loyal import bear.
 Here joys of myriads find congenial vent
 In bursts of blaze with frantic fondness spent."

24th February.—We had a very lively party at dinner last night, and though we were all pretty well tired, we lingered over the camp-fire outside until near midnight. The Duke told me a good story of Smith, an old servant, who has charge of all the guns and sporting apparatus, and who takes a keen professional interest in the effect of the various weapons in use among sportsmen, being especially prone to dig the bullets out of dead game, in order to see the form the bullet may have taken. When the Duke was shot in the back in Australia, one of the first to enter the tent after the ball was extracted, was naturally enough his old servant ; but the ruling passion came out strongly, and his first request was that he might see the projectile just extracted, in

order to observe the effect produced by His Royal Highness' backbone upon the bullet!

Coming home last evening there was a nasty accident. We had gone over many miles of country at an unusually fast pace, and an old elephant, whose high courage had kept her going until fairly beaten, at last fainted dead away, and fell down on her side, smashing the howdah against a tree. Two native gentlemen, who were upon the elephant, escaped with nothing worse than a shaking, but a servant had his hand caught between the edge of the howdah and the tree, and was seriously injured. He was soon in the hands of one of the best surgeons in India, Dr Fayrer, who is one of our party, and the Duke saw him bandaged up, and gave him some brandy out of his own flask, before we moved on. In the evening amputation of the thumb was considered necessary, and the operation was performed under chloroform, in a perfect storm of abuse and lamentation from the patient. Happily, however, he suffered no pain, and beyond dreaming that he was the victim of some great injustice, he hardly knew what was done to him. The old elephant came round when the ropes, which held the howdah, were cut away, and she could breathe more freely. Poor old lady, she has been a famous tiger-hunter in her day, and bears the marks of many a tooth and claw upon her face, though I cannot add that all her wounds are in front, for on one occasion her tail was nearly bitten off by a tiger, which sprang at her from behind, and fastened on the thick part of it. But

she never lost her reputation for courage to the last, and the difficulty commonly was to restrain her from going in at her game too fast. She has one well-known peculiarity; she is very fond of dogs, and will not allow one to be ill-treated if she can come to the rescue; and it is a favourite manœuvre of her driver, if she decline to come out of the river when she has had her bath, to catch a dog and pinch him, that being an argument which she cannot withstand.

There was another accident this morning, which might have been even more serious. The river is infested by alligators, and a few days before we came, one of Jung Bahadoor's men was killed by them as he was bathing in front of the camp. This morning early, a camel-driver of the Maharajah of Bulrampoor was fording the stream near the temporary bridge, when one of these brutes seized him by the thigh. Fortunately, he did not get a good hold, and though he dragged the man off towards the deep water, the poor fellow was able to make some resistance, and to call loudly for help. A Sepoy of the Oudh Police, who happened to be crossing the bridge with his musket and bayonet, at once leaped into the water, and after firing a shot into the alligator at close quarters, he drove his bayonet into him. The camel-driver escaped with the loss of a piece of his thigh, the size of the palm of his hand, and the alligator was put *hors de combat* by the Sepoy, who fired two or three more shots into him, and then broke his musket over the brute's head.

Captain Young was attracted by the firing, and found him still alive when he reached the spot, but a couple of shots in the right place, from a Purdey rifle, put it out of his power to resist, and he was then dragged up into camp for the Duke's inspection. Dr Fayrer anatomised him, in case he should contain any interesting relics of previous victims, but he was quite empty, and there was nothing in his stomach except a number of huge pebbles, which the alligator always carries about with him, each stone being a sort of digestive pill. The muscular contraction of the heart went on after he was cut to pieces, and the Duke told me that he had seen a similar action in the heart of the shark, which will work for hours after it is taken from the fish's body.

The alligator to-day was probably very hungry, for it is commonly believed that they will not attack men unless very hard pressed. Here, however, is proof positive, if it be wanted, that the long-nosed, sharp-toothed alligator will eat men, for at last we have caught him in the act, and have the man to bear witness against him. Like the tiger, they occasionally take to man-eating as a practice, and some years ago I killed a well-known man-eater, in whose stomach I found the tokens of the fate of five different individuals, in the shape of rings, bracelets, and such like indigestible matters.

The alligator killed this morning measured fifteen feet six, which is the average size of the full-grown specimen. Although I think that crocodiles, like Artemus Ward's Indians, "is 'pizen' wherever

found," and never let one off if I get a chance of putting a bullet into his neck—which, by the way, is the only fatal spot—I have never yet killed one more than eighteen feet in length, and at this length they generally show unmistakable signs of age. Corporal Peyton took possession of the head, and prepared it for transmission to England with the rest of the Duke's trophies.

Our beat to-day lay along the banks of the Kundra River, a tributary of the Mohan, which meanders through the forest, carrying down the drainage of the lower hills. In the rainy season it is a great and rapid torrent, but in the winter and dry season it dwindles down into a narrow stream of clear water, leaving the greater part of its channel covered with high reeds and grass. These patches of vegetation, which yield the best shooting to be found about here, are found on each side of the river alternately, filling the inside of every bend, while the Sab Forest skirts the outside. The bed of the river is of sparkling yellow sand, which looks firm enough to the eye, but is really very treacherous and shaky.

To avoid the interminable winding of the river, it was necessary to take the line across frequently, probably fifteen times during the day, and nothing we have seen yet has been more picturesque or exciting than the passage of our immense line of elephants across the bed of this river, through the water and quicksand. The bank, though sloping gently on one side, is generally some twenty feet high, and very steep on the other; it is, moreover,

nearly always soft and rotten at the bottom, and as it is the custom here to ram the elephants at everything without any preliminary craning, it sometimes happens that one goes down much faster than is quite pleasant to the uninitiated, and the elephant not unfrequently sticks in the mud at the bottom, and rolls the howdah about as if to shake off the rider, but really to get his own feet free from the quicksand. Once down and out of the mud, it is very interesting to see the rest of the line find its way out of the difficulty. Big and little, heavy and light, with howdahs or without, hundreds of elephants swarm over the top edge, and rolling, scrambling, sliding, somehow or other find their way into the water. Not one of them falls, and considering the places they came down, their skill in keeping their feet is perfectly marvellous.

Every elephant now gives himself up recklessly to drinking. The little ones generally lie down and revel in the cool water, the bigger animals and those carrying howdahs content themselves with squirting gallons of it all over their bodies, always avoiding their riders, who, they are perfectly aware, do not like a ducking every half-hour so much as they do.

Out of the water again, there is a short run to get over a bit of shaking sand, which threatens to swallow every elephant that attempts to cross it. The water in these places seems to hold the sand in suspension in some mysterious way, and when disturbed by pressure the mass of sand and water

begins to shake and bend beneath the tread, like nothing else I know of but very weak ice when the skater passes rapidly over it, only the sand appears to bend much more, and to regain its shape more quickly than the ice. As with the skater, so with the elephant; run for it and you may pass in safety, stand still and in you go; so we all run our best, and generally get safe over.

At the next crossing perhaps the order of things is reversed, and you have to scramble up the rotten bank instead of sliding down it, a much more difficult matter, because the treacherous mud at the base of the slope gives no secure foothold, and the strongest elephant often finds himself in difficulties, and on such occasions he throws his rider about unmercifully. One gallant colonel of our party got a tremendous rolling to-day, and when his howdah came down to the level of the ground for about the tenth time, he accepted the invitation, and dissolved partnership with his elephant by scrambling out. I admired both the pluck with which he took his pounding, and the discretion which induced him to withdraw his bones from an unequal contest with the iron work of his howdah.

The Sal Forest we passed through to-day was, I think, finer than ever; and as there is little or no forest conservancy on the Nepal side, the trees were a good deal tangled by creepers, so that in places we could not pass except after a free use of our heavy hunting knives on the smaller branches.

There was a good deal of shooting during the

day, but much of it was at hog-deer, which are very puzzling at first, and the bag was not heavy :—

10 Deer.

41 Partridges.

19 Hares.

11 Pea-fowl.

2 Florikan.

8 Pigs.

4 Jungle-cocks.

95 Total.

We saw a leopard in the morning, but lost him in the thick forest.

I do not shoot, and therefore have ample time to watch my neighbours. The Duke shoots well, remarkably well, considering that he has had little practice in the howdah, and at birds and hares he is a dead hand. General Chamberlain is great at long shots, which he affects a good deal, and he occasionally bowls over a deer when the rest of the line have quite done with it.

Our camp to-day is a very pretty one, but I must leave the description of it till to-morrow, for there goes the dinner-bell.

25th February.—We halt here to-day in a lovely glade in the forest, on the banks of a clear trout stream—green turf underfoot, an Italian sky overhead, round us on three sides monster forest trees a century old, with great snake-like creepers clinging round their gnarled old stems ; beyond the trees and far above them, the blue-gray hills that skirt the foot

of the Himalayahs, and, higher still, a bright gleam from the everlasting snow which crowns the range.

Dinner last night was the merriest meal I remember for many years. It was hardly over when a long procession of servants, lighted by torches, and headed by Sir Jung Bahadoor's moonshee, bore down upon the large mess tent with presents from the Maharajah to the Duke. One by one, they filed into the tent, and deposited their loads on the carpet. There was a collation of innumerable covers, prepared by the ladies of the Maharajah's household with their own hands; gold-mounted arms, specimen coins, musk pods, rolls of China silks, a mandarin's robe, elephants' tusks, tiger skins, and last, a mysterious-looking basket, which, when opened, revealed a little tiger cub about a fortnight old. A little elephant brought up the rear, but remained outside in the dark till he was voted in by acclamation. He came in, but on seeing the strange sight of all the pale faces at dinner in a brilliantly-lighted tent, he voted himself out by acclamation, and backed towards the door with loud shouts of astonishment. He was prevailed on to stay, however; and though he rejected bread with grunts of dissatisfaction, he made a profound salaam to the Duke, by falling on his knees and resting his trunk on the ground. For common mortals he has another form of salute, like that of the ordinary Indian elephant, in which he throws his trunk on his head, and so to speak, touches his cap with the end of his nose.

The young tiger was put upon the table among the dessert, but he soon found his way into my lap, and was passed from hand to hand down the table, behaving on the whole very much like a monster kitten. With the collation sent by Sir Jung came a massive silver teapot, containing a preparation of spiced tea peculiar to Nepal, in which the spices predominate, and almost extinguish the flavour of the tea ; but the addition of a bottle of claret turned the compound into a sort of negus, which, when heated, was declared to be a very grateful beverage, and, as an appropriate compliment, we drank the Maharajah's health in it.

Here is the recipe for this wonderful brew, as recorded by Sir Jung's moonshee in his quaint English :

“First, boil two seers of water in a kettle. When it is well boiled, put into it half a tola of tea ; mace and nutmeg, each one masha ; and two mashas of cinnamon. Continue it to boil about twelve minutes ; take it off, and then add one masha of cardamum powder just before it is filtered. As for mixing milk, sugar, or salt, it depends on the choice of persons who take it.”

1 masha = 1-10th of a tola.

I hardly dare to think what this mixture would be like if flavoured with salt.

Bed-time came at last, but it brought very little rest for me ; for in a moment of weakness I determined to give the friendless young tiger shelter for the night in my tent. He went to sleep quite peacefully in his basket, but when I was asleep he

began to make a horrible noise, as if he had just found out for the first time that he had lost his mother ; and he kept up the outcry at intervals through the night to the utter destruction of my rest. This morning he was handed over to that universal genius, Corporal Peyton, who promptly met the difficulty by extemporising a novel apparatus out of a clay pipe, with the finger of a glove tied over the end of it. The bowl being filled with milk, the little baby tiger sucks at the other end, and Peyton has just informed me, with an air of satisfaction which is quite maternal, that the interesting founding has taken kindly to the new machine, and that “he has had two pipes already this morning, sir,”—as if the little creature had been smoking.

News just in of three tigers, but the jungle is so thick I am not sanguine of our seeing more than one. Every one in camp seems very happy, at least they say they are, and they certainly look it. My great trouble is that the line is so long, and the ground we go over so various in its character, that I cannot ensure good sport to every one in the line ; and each shooter is obliged to take the ground, good or bad, just as it comes in his way.

The Duke is a most enthusiastic sportsman, I find, and never tires in the longest day. Fortunately, too, he is content to shoot birds and deer when tigers cannot be found, so that he is never without at least some amusement.

To-day, at breakfast, we had a large dish of trout from the stream which skirts our camp. They are

not large, but they are very welcome as a rarity, with which we do not meet in the more civilised parts of India.

26th February.—Last night the Maharajah sent over a gold-mounted “khookri,” or Nepalese knife, for every officer in the Duke’s camp, and this morning we all wear them in honour of the donor. Our shooting suits are turned into fancy dresses by the addition of gay-coloured Indian shawls, worn round our waists, and holding mischievous-looking curved knives, with gold “fixings,” and green or crimson-velvet scabbard. Altogether we have become very much Indianised since yesterday.

Lord Charles Beresford’s man, “Gunnesh,” objects to the use of this finery as wasteful and improvident; he thinks that his master’s dress is too good for such rough work, and gives expression to his views in comic Madras English: “Look at my lord! what fine clothes he wear in jungle!” His language is at times very amusing. The Duke he calls “King;” if ordered to bring a cup of tea, says, “Yes, king!” and if he wishes to relieve his master of any trifling trouble, say of tying his shoe, he interposes with “Oh! lord, leave that alone!” Perhaps this does not come up to the English of a petition I received the other day, in which the writer implored an immediate reply, “because too abominable to trouble to highness twicely or thrice.”

Our bag yesterday was not very good. We spent the whole of the day in looking for tigers, which were certainly on foot, though we could not see

them for the heavy and extensive jungle, so that we had little time for general shooting. We shot, however—

- 6 Spotted-deer.
- 12 Hog-deer.
- 7 Hares.
- 27 Partridges.
- 4 Pea-fowl.
- 1 Jungle-cock.

Our beat lay through the thick ~~gr~~ass towards Duruk.

I crossed the river early this morning, to have an interview with Sir Jung, in order to discuss a question which has recently arisen between the British and Nepalese Government. The Maharajah received me at the entrance of his camp, in his shooting-dress, and led me to his private tent, the ordinary single-poled doubled-roofed tent of a field officer. His bed, covered with a clean white cotton sheet, and having pillows of great size, was spread on the floor of the tent at one side, and there was little furniture besides the chairs on which we sat. He discussed the matter at issue temperately and intelligently, and his pointed rejoinders more than once provoked a laugh, in which we both joined.

On recrossing the stream, I found a large number of elephants taking their morning bath, and lying about in the water in all sorts of attitudes—their mahouts scrubbing their black hides with bricks, to rid them of the dust and mud of yesterday's hard work. Our camp was a very pretty sight from this

point; the white tents, with the royal standard floating over them, coming out in bold relief against the varied foliage of the forest, the bathing elephants and their attendants forming a picturesque foreground, and the whole scene sparkling in the early morning sun.

We were a little later than usual in marching this morning, for the Maharajah brought over some of his men after breakfast to show how the national weapon is used. The khookri is a short heavy knife, with a thick ^{ek}base and thin edge, and very much curved; the cutting edge being on the inside of the bend, the handle thin and small, and the knife very top-heavy in the hand. It is undoubtedly a very powerful instrument when of large size, and made of good steel; but the ordinary mode of exhibiting its power is not very conclusive, because the wood used is commonly that of the cotton tree, which is very soft and full of sap. Pieces of this wood, six or eight inches thick, are cut through by a good operator as if they were cheese; and as the cut is made at an angle of forty-five degrees with the axis of the branch, the exposed surface is large, and has a very imposing appearance. The blow is struck from the shoulder, the arm being extended as far back as possible, so as to get the greatest swing for the knife. It is said to be necessary to hold the handle tightly, squeezing it hard enough, as the saying goes, to take all the juice out of a lemon. When the Nepalese had shown their skill, Lord Charles Beresford tried his hand, and though he had no previous practice, he fell very

little short of their performances, and would equal them, I have no doubt, with a little experience of the weapon.

It is made of all sizes, from the light hunting-knife up to the hatchet weighing five pounds or more; and it is really a most useful instrument, for it will cut grass for a horse or fuel for the fire equally well; and it will cut through a branch, or take off an enemy's head, with the same facility. Some regiments of our service are armed with it as part of their equipment, and these men were a terror to the enemy both in the Sikh campaign and in the Mutiny. Some one told us a story last night of a rebel sepoy, who had possession of the inside of a big loophole at Delhi, and who, on putting his head out to see where the enemy was, was killed by a Goorkha sepoy, who had taken possession of the other side, and who immediately caught hold of his hair, and chopped his head off.

We left our charming camp at eleven o'clock, and set off on our way back to British territory, beating the forest and grass by the way. Within a mile of our old ground we found a kill, but twenty-four hours old, in the grass plain, and two or three others in the forest; but the cover is so extensive that, even with our strong force of elephants, we cannot beat it properly.

At two o'clock things looked rather blank, for the jungle was thicker and the grass higher than ever. My spirits were at zero, the Maharajah seemed half asleep and very tired, and two of our party had gone

off to the tents in despair of seeing a tiger, when, to my great relief, a Nepalese scout came towards us, mounted on a little elephant, whose rapid pace showed that his rider had something to say worth telling. His story was briefly that, as the carriage cattle belonging to our camp were marching along the track through the jungle to our new ground, a tiger had sprung out of the jungle, and carried off one of the bullocks into the thicket. Before we had hardly realised our good fortune, Sir Jung seemed suddenly to grow ten years younger, and screaming out some order to his people, he sprang over the side of his howdah, and dropped from it to the back of a smaller and faster elephant, which stood by, and started off to lead the line into action. To-day he was dressed in a yellow silk jacket, and he therefore made a very conspicuous figure on his little elephant, with the great pith hat a-top of all. Away he went, hammering his steed mercilessly with the mallet with which all elephants are driven in times of emergency, and he was soon far ahead of us, with all the line streaming after him. The object of all this haste was to run the cordon of elephants along the banks of the river, so as to cut the tiger off from crossing it to the thick forest, in which case we should lose him. We forded the river, therefore, and followed its bank, on the British side, where the kill was said to be looking carefully for tracks in the sandy bed. Sir Jung Bahadoor led the line for some distance, but we afterwards overtook him, gazing in a state of great despondency at the prints of a fine

tiger, which had crossed the stream not long before, in a direction away from the kill. This was a great disappointment, for the tracks were quite fresh, and there could hardly be two tigers just at that spot; but to set the point at rest, we moved the line still farther along the bank, searching the sandy margin carefully as we went. A few hundred yards farther on, to our great relief, we found the same or similar tracks coming *back* again, and now the thing became clear; the tiger had crossed the river into Nepal, but had recrossed immediately afterwards, and killed the bullock on British ground.

Our line was now formed along the bank of the river, and faced away from it, with the centre on the point where the tracks crossed its bed, and Sir Jung Bahadoor proceeded to show his tactics for entrapping a tiger, whose whereabouts is not exactly known. His theory is, that when a tiger is disturbed by a line of beaters, he at once goes away fifty or one hundred yards, and then stops to think what he shall do next; and, therefore, to catch a tiger you beat him up by means of a long line, so as to make sure of finding him, and then, when he is once started, the line halts immediately behind him, and both flanks are rapidly thrown forward until a circle is formed, enclosing the ground where he was last seen. These tactics answered admirably to-day. Our line marched slowly away from the river, trampling down carefully every patch of thick grass which might conceal our game, and we had not gone three hundred yards before we came upon a tree,

with a few hungry vultures perched aloft, apparently intent on something eatable below. This we knew must be the dead bullock, and the tiger could not be far off. Sure enough, before we reached the tree, the tiger broke cover in front of the Duke's elephant, showing himself only for an instant, as he dashed away. A few words from Sir Jung, followed by one or two bugle calls, and the centre elephants were halted, and the two flanks, turning outwards, began rapidly to encircle the grass and low trees in front of us. By and by, the flanks closed in and faced us, the whole of the elephants now forming an irregular circle, with occasional gaps caused by the difficulties of the ground. It seemed to me almost impossible that the tiger could be so weak as to lie quiet while all this preparation was made, and that he should not have sneaked off through one of the many gaps in the line; but Sir Jung seemed confident, and we closed in upon the centre, treading down every patch of grass which came in our way. At last, the circle was only a hundred yards across, with nothing left inside but a lawn of green turf, and two small patches of not very thick grass upon it, and to our great astonishment and relief, a tiger came roaring out of one of these patches, and galloped across the turf, tail on end. The Duke fired and hit, but did not stop him, and he then turned and rushed at the line of elephants just where three or four of our sportsmen were waiting for him, and as there was some risk of his getting out, they fired and dropped him—Sir Neville Chamberlain putting a

bullet through his head. He measured ten feet three inches on the ground, but his skin will be a foot longer.

A good deal of amusement was created as we closed towards the dead tiger, by the performances of a couple of peacocks, which had been shut into our ring. Between the tiger and the rifles and the elephants, they were in great dismay, and apparently did not know what to do with themselves. If one rose he was so astonished at what he saw that he did not fly five yards, but dropped down into the grass again, and this was repeated several times, until at last one of them dropped down directly upon the dead tiger. Of course the poor bird was terribly alarmed, and in his efforts to escape from the tiger, he flew against the legs of the Duke's elephant, which was standing by looking placidly at the dead game before her; and whether she thought the tiger had suddenly turned green and come to life again, and was springing upon her, I do not know, but she lost her head for a moment, and turned round as if to fly. But in doing so, she gave one of those adroit sweeping kicks with her hind legs, which an elephant alone knows how to administer, and crumpled up the poor peacock with fatal precision.

Our tiger, I fancy, must have been very much pressed by hunger, to make so bold a stroke for his dinner, as to attack a camp bullock within sight of our tents, and we owed our success in a great measure to the situation of the spot. Colonel Probyn

and Colonel Lawrence had got a ducking in crossing one of the nullahs, and thinking there was little chance of a tiger, they went on to camp to get dry clothes. While there the news of the death of the bullock was brought to them, and they at once turned out again, and kept a sharp watch over the spot until the line could be brought up. A long and dreary wait they must have had, and I could not help admiring their forbearance in not going in at the beast on their own account.

27th February.—To-day being Sunday, the camp is halted. I find I have omitted to give the bag for the last two days :—

For the 25th—6 Spotted-deer.

12 Hog-deer.

7 Hares.

27 Partridges.

4 Pea-fowl.

1 Jungle-cock.

For the 26th—1 Tiger.

6 Spotted-deer.

4 Hog-deer.

9 Pea-fowl.

2 Partridges.

1 Hare.

1 Porcupine.

The Duke takes great interest in the bag, and compiles the list himself, giving me the figures for my diary every evening.

Last night as the tiger was being skinned by the light of a very dim lamp, a camp follower crept up

silently, and hacked out one of the finest teeth, and made off with it. Of course the head is ruined, and as the Duke particularly wished to preserve it as a trophy, our annoyance is very great. The people of the country prize the tiger's tooth very highly, and it is said to work wonders as a charm when tied round a child's neck ; but they know that we always preserve the head, and in all my experience I have never known an instance of a similar theft. The audacity of the thing is quite staggering ; but I suppose the fellow forgot all about the annoyance, and saw only the chance of putting the coveted charm round his child's neck. This is the more annoying, because I do not see my way to many more tigers, unless the Duke will stay longer, which is said to be impossible.

28th February.—We rode out on elephants yesterday afternoon, and crossed one or two nullahs, which, I think, were worse than any we have seen yet. One sportsman was either rolled out or scrambled out of his howdah, and several others stuck for a time in the quicksands, though all got out eventually with nothing worse than a shaking. In the evening we found ourselves some seven miles from home, and Sir Jung proposed that we should mount some of his fastest elephants, and be carried back quickly. These little animals are only half grown, and are very active and swift, carrying no weight, and having for their sole furniture a small square pad, and a small mallet, which the rider is expected to apply smartly to the root of the tail when he

wishes to urge his steed along. The Duke seemed to enjoy the new sensation much. Colonel Probyn, true to his instinct, preferred to ride a horse, and take the chance of a fall over the villainous ground, and some remained behind in their comfortable howdahs. The pad on which I rode seemed to be made chiefly of knotted ropes, and as the boy they put up behind me to hammer the elephant's tail hammered my elbow-joint instead more than once, I was not entirely happy.

Two more tiger cubs were sent in last night by Sir Jung. Peyton has now got a soda-water bottle, with a quill fitted through the cork, and a bit of leather tied over the quill, and with this bottle he manages to feed the cubs without difficulty, appearing rather proud of his new duties as nurse. I did not invite the newcomers to my tent after my experience with the first one.

Captain Speedy, the well-known Abyssinian traveller, who has been in camp for the last few days, left us last night in order to bring Prince Alamayon to meet the Duke on his return through Kheree; and Captain Murray, who has been making arrangements for the return journey, came in this morning to report progress. He will remain a few days.

The Duke pays a return visit to Sir Jung to-day before we march to our next ground; the Maharajah halting here to-day, and commencing his return march to Nepal to-morrow. Shortly after his state visit, Sir Jung addressed a letter in English to the

Duke, setting forth in detail his desire to be of service, and the difficulties in which he felt himself placed. By the Duke's permission I put a copy of this letter into my diary, and here it is :—

“TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

“*May it please your Royal Highness—*

“I beg to bring under your Highness's notice that Her Majesty Queen Victoria has conferred on me a great honour, which only the ancient line of kings of four or five hundred years, and European officers of high rank, have received. I have lands to support myself in the jungles of which your Highness had the pleasure to enjoy the pleasures of shooting. I have enough for fooding and clothing, so that I have nothing to wish for except that of pleasing your Highness. I tried various means to get tigers and other wild animals for your Highness's sport, but, to my great disappointment, I could not get as I wished. Had I received fifteen days' previous notice, I could have arranged all. On the receipt of the letter from the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, stating that your Highness will not have time to proceed up here, I was about to return to Nepal; but being afterwards informed by Colonel R. C. Lawrence that your Highness is coming to Huldowna, I, with all my elephants and instruments of sicar, came to that place, making two days' march into one. Having got there two days' leisure to serve your Royal Highness, I caused buffaloes to be tied in that part of jungles where tigers are, and thus made your Highness to shoot one tiger. European gentlemen, myself, and other Hindoostanees come every year in this part of the jungle to shoot, consequently tigers and other wild animals are very scarce here, so much so that I have given Ishtahar to all officers, Rajas, Mahoots, and Sikarees, that who-soever will trace out tigers will have a reward of two hundred rupees if he be among the officers and Rajahs, and seventy-five rupees if he be among the Mahoots and Sikarees; even then I could not get any information of tigers. I cannot also entreat your Highness to go to the thick part of the jungles to show the *keddah* of elephants, for the task itself is very dangerous, and at the same time the trees have commenced to bring forth new

leaves, of which your Highness is the eye-witness: it is the commencement of 'awl' or jungle-fever, consequently it is not proper that your Highness should endanger yourself, as your Highness is only of late come from a cold climate. Your Highness can shoot wild animals that are hidden inside the long grass, merely by observing the movement of the grass. Had it been only once, I would have taken it to be a mere chance, but very seldom your Highness missed the game. I am also enjoying the pleasures of Sikar since nine years of my age, but can hit my game only once or twice after firing twenty-one or twenty-two times, so that it is quite impossible to please your Highness by shooting wild animals myself. As there are only one or two small villages containing four or five thatched cottages in this part of the Teraie, I could not also present your Highness with eatables worthy of your position. I asked Colonel Lawrence to get English shops here at my expense; but not being able to get an authentic news, that too could not be done; nor could I present your Highness with things worthy of your Highness's position, so that I have only now a sanguine hope of pleasing your Highness by serving. If your Highness order me to serve as long as I live, I am ready to do so. I beg to know what service I will have to perform to-day. I do not know English, and therefore thought it not proper often to trouble a personage of your high position, so I beg of your Highness only to give particulars of the last two days' Sikar.

"I am your Highness's obedient servant,

(Signed) "JUNG BAHADOOR RANA, G.C.B.

"26 February 1870,

"CAMP DHUMPNALL."

Young has just caught the thief who stole the tiger's tooth. A policeman! He will hear of this again from me when I have more time. Just now we are off to meet Sir Jung.

This morning at ten A.M. the Duke paid a state visit to the Maharaja, who again appeared in the £40,000 head-dress, and a military uniform, down

to the waist at least, for his lower man was clad in the white muslin garments he wore out shooting. Sir Jung received the Duke at the entrance to the enclosure, and leading the way to the reception-tent, he seated his guest on his right hand, the officers of the *suite* taking their seats on the right side of the tent, and the Nepalese officers on the left. The only noticeable feature in this Durbar was, that, in accordance with Nepalese custom, we all wore our hats.

After the usual exchange of compliments, Sir Jung again assured the Duke that it had been a source of great pride and gratification to him to receive the son of Her most gracious Majesty the Queen of England, and the Duke then presented to Sir Jung a handsome gold watch and chain, and a double rifle. Sir Jung then distributed attar and pan to the guests, and the Duke took his leave; the whole of the party mounting their elephants and taking the track for our next camp.

Sir Jung had prepared ~~our~~ last exhibition of Nepalese prowess in the shape of a buffalo whose head was to be struck off in one blow of the *khookri*, but this was declined with thanks.

On our way to this place we tried one or two well-known beats, and found several kills of buffalo and pig, as well as many fresh tracks, but no tiger. Coming through the forest, Lord Charles Beresford had an affair with a python, in which the snake got the worst of it. He was coiled round a tree when first seen, and tried to get into a hole, but his

antagonist was too quick for him. Forbidden to shoot because of the supposed proximity of a tiger, he got down from his elephant with his khookri—how I do not know, but, judging from the man, I should say he “swarmed” down the tail with his knife in his teeth—but somehow or other he got down knife in hand, and attacked the snake at close quarters, and killed it. I measured it this evening, ten feet nine inches long, and one foot round the middle, a formidable looking reptile.

Peyton is in despair to-night about his cubs; they have all been shut up in one basket, and not content with his admirable bottle, they have taken to the amusement of sucking each others ears, and the fur is coming off in an alarming manner. I have ordered separate baskets for them.

The country we came through to-day was very wild, and at the proper season is a sure find for tigers, but we got very little sport of any kind to-day. Here is the bag:—

- 1 Gon.
- 2 Spotted-deer.
- 1 Hog-deer.
- 2 Hares.
- 10 Partridges.
- 1 Peacock.
- 3 Snipe.

While giving me the details of the bag this evening, the Duke told me a story of a Frenchman, who, being rather proud of his knowledge of technical sporting terms, on one occasion described

his bag of two brace of partridges, by saying that he had "shot a pair of braces."

1st March.—Camp moved to-day to Newul Khar, and we had a hard day's beating through some of the finest forest and grass we have yet seen. Near Dham Khera, where the wood was not so thick, I hoped to find a sambur, and luckily a very fine full-grown stag broke away just in front of the Duke, who rolled him over dead. His head was an unusually fine specimen. A little farther on a bara singha with good horns was put up and bagged after a short chase.

A tiger was on foot very near us in the evening, but the grass plain was too extensive to be beaten properly, and again we had a blank day as far as tigers were concerned, though I think the Duke preferred the sambur even to a tiger. The bag was small in number :—

- 1 Sambur.
- 1 Bara singha.
- 1 Spotted-deer.
- 2 Hog-deer.
- 2 Hares.
- 5 Partridges.
- 1 Snipe.

2d March.—To-day we learn that the mother of the two tiger cubs killed one of Sir Jung's soldiers before the cubs were taken, and the Duke has sent a hundred rupees to the widow, though her husband was not killed in our camp, but many miles away in Nepal.

Accidents come thick upon us, for this morning a camel-driver fell from a tree, breaking his thigh, elbow, and wrist; a very serious and painful, though not, to a native, necessarily a dangerous accident. His limbs are being set as I write, and he will be sent into the dispensary at Kheree on a litter.

Six of the party leave to-day for Lucknow, and as they do not think the chance of sport good, they have agreed to make the first part of the march on elephants, starting at ten o'clock instead of shooting all day.

A few days ago we saw the young elephants which Sir Jung caught a week or two before our arrival. They were out grazing, and each of the captives was tied to an elephant much stronger than himself by a stout rope some six or eight yards long attached to his neck. Escape is hopeless, and as violent resistance is always followed by a thrashing from the big elephant, the young captive soon comes to terms. Many of the newcomers already had riders upon their necks, although they have not been caught more than fifteen days.

3d March.—Yesterday, after our party had started on their return journey, we beat through the woods to the west of Newul Khar, about the Peara Nala; and, much to my astonishment, before we had been out an hour we actually put up a “pair of braces,” starting four tigers out of a large patch of grass and underwood. The ground was difficult, and only one of them was bagged, falling to the rifles of General Chamberlain and Captain Clarke.

the others getting away in the thick cover which surrounded the spot.

The line was then taken to the large swamp in the Nala about a mile off, a well-known stronghold for tigers because of a treacherous quicksand in the middle, across which an elephant cannot pass. Some hours were spent in beating up this long swampy Nala, but in vain, and at last we gave up the hope of seeing more of our tigers for that day. Captain Young was sent off early to watch the outlet in case the tiger tried to sneak off, and he remained at his post with admirable patience for hours without seeing or hearing of us. Game of all kinds passed him in great numbers, but no tiger; and, true to his instructions, he let them all go by. At length, however, he spied a thing which he first took for the trunk of a tree, but which on a nearer inspection, turned out to be a snake, of such astonishing proportions, that he could hold out no longer, and he stopped the monster with a bullet through the spine, and finished him with the second barrel through the head. Of course the sound of his rifle soon brought us to the spot to see if he had killed the tiger, and when we found the creature he had bagged, I do not think we were much disappointed. It was a large python, measuring 16 feet 8 inches in length, and 2 feet and $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch round the middle—that being his girth for about twelve feet of his length, his body tapering only for about two feet at each end. He was quite empty, and therefore at his smallest girth; but when distended with a meal,

he would appear enormous. I have never seen anything like him for weight and solidity, and he appeared quite capable of killing and swallowing the largest deer, while a man would be quite a morsel to him. It took about a dozen men to put him on the elephant, for which he made a respectable load.

All hope of another tiger being given up for the present, we formed line, and beat the woods for deer and small game; and a couple of spotted-deer, and a few partridges, pea-fowl, and jungle-cocks were knocked over. Here rather a curious thing occurred. The Duke was shooting both deer and birds, and tired of changing his rifle for a shot-gun so often, he tried the rifle at a peacock at about fifty or sixty yards, and sent a Henry shell right through his middle, blowing him up in the most complete fashion. A very good shot this, and a fine illustration of the powers of the shell.

While we were struggling through some heavy tree-jungle, and the line was a good deal broken, a second tiger was put up on the right of the line, and made away through the thick woods towards the river. He was rapidly pressed, and the line followed him down to the very water's edge, some of the howdahs crossing the river in pursuit; but in a few minutes we found from the tracks that he had gone along the bank, and taken refuge in a patch of low grass, in which a herd of buffaloes were grazing. He was a little blown from his long run, and no doubt wanted a rest; but he got none, for our line was roughly remade, and marched upon the

spot where he was concealed. As we moved on towards him, he moved away from us towards the buffaloes, and, as he approached, they turned on him with their horns, all standing with their fronts to the enemy, and prepared to receive his charge if he came on. I incline to think also that one or two of them butted at him with their horns, for before we got up to him he gave a roar, and bolted out of the grass into the open plain, making straight back towards the forest as hard as he could go. Our only hope was to catch him before he reached it, and as he had a long start of us, we went our very best pace. He was very fresh, and I think might have beaten us, but for a narrow strip of swampy ground which he had to cross, and this served to tire him much; at any rate, we ran into him, and killed him in the grass on the other side of the swamp. I cannot say who killed him, and first blood was claimed by a good many sportsmen, one of his most ardent pursuers being the General. But we were none of us very far behind, and I was glad to put him in the bag on any terms.

On the whole, there was a good deal of the stampede about it; we got an immense amount of excitement out of the chase, and it certainly was a novelty to run into a tiger in the open plain. This, like the tiger of the morning, was young, probably a year old. They measured 6 feet 9 inches and 6 feet 6 inches, and both were females. The bag of the 22d was—

2 Tigers.

2 Spotted-deer.

- 5 Pea-fowl.
- 7 Jungle-fowl.
- 1 Hare.
- 1 Partridge.
- 1 Python.

4th March.—The shooting came to an end yesterday. We marched in the morning for Marocha Ghat, ten miles on our way back to civilisation, taking the swamp and woods about Tullee on our way, in order to look up the tiger of yesterday, who was said to have gone in that direction.

Before the march, some fruit and skins arrived for the Duke from Sir Jung Bahadoor, with a note to me. Here it is :—

“ CAMP, 1st March 1870.

“ MY DEAR —,—I have sent, per bearer, the under-mentioned articles, which I hope you will kindly make a present from my part to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinbro’.—
I am, yours truly,

JUNG BAHADOOR.

“ Orange, 90.

“ Grape-box, 2.

“ Pummegranute, 60.

“ Hide of stag, 2.

“ Do. of tiger, 1.”

The note was evidently written by the Maharah’s moonshee, but the signature is in the Nepalese character, and is Sir Jung’s own.

After crossing the river, we turned to our right, and beat up the extensive grass cover on that side, in order to drive the tiger before us if he were roving.

There was not very much game in the ^{gr}pass, but

a few deer were knocked over before we reached the big swamp, a most impracticable spot, into which elephants cannot go, because of its treacherous bottom. The deeper pools are full of alligators, of which we saw several as we beat along the banks on the chance of finding the tiger there.

Having satisfied ourselves that the tiger was not abroad to-day, we now prepared to beat down the Nala, which is his ordinary home in these woods. One gun was sent to watch the outlet into the swamp, and two were despatched across the Nala to beat along the opposite side, the Duke's howdah being kept on the left bank. In this order the line marched through the wood, keeping the direction of the Nala, a deep, slimy, wicked-looking fissure in the earth, with heavy thorny tree-jungle on both sides, and a tangled mass of canes, and ferns, and reeds, and dead leaves at the bottom. Our progress was very slow, and it was impossible to move far without recourse to our khookris, with which we cut a passage for our howdahs through the overhanging branches and creepers. It was hours before we came upon any satisfactory signs of our game, but at length, on the other side of the Nala, they came upon a freshly-killed something or other—I forget what, for I never saw it; and a little farther on a footprint was found in the bed of the Nala on our side. A Shikaree jumped down, and reported it but a few minutes' old, and he was hardly well up again before the elephants showed that they were aware of a tiger close at hand. A little more crashing

through the branches, and we had him out in front of us. He gave a roar and rushed away from the elephants, and as the Duke fired at him he gave another roar, and came back right at us. The jungle was very thick, and I could only hear him, for I could neither see him, nor indeed anything else but my own elephant, though the Duke was only five yards off, so closely were the branches interlaced.

The Duke fired in his face, and turned him towards me, and he came flying through a thick bush into a little open patch in front of my elephant. This put him altogether in a false position, for his shoulder was exposed in the most inviting manner; and down he went accordingly a tremendous somersault, like a hare on a large scale, the Duke giving him the finishing stroke in the neck a minute later. He was short, but an enormously thick, stout beast, and when in rapid motion, was quite a picture of activity and power. Possibly he was the father of the family we disturbed on the previous day, so that after all we bagged three out of the four.

This was a fitting end to our sport; and it was the end, for beyond a few Neelgae we saw nothing else all day, and as soon as we had padded our tiger securely, we pushed on for Maroncha Ghat to dinner.

Our party was much reduced; but I think this was one of the liveliest evenings we had. Probably our lucky bag of three tigers in two days had something to do with it.

At nine o'clock the palkies were brought out, and

we all started off for Kheree, forty miles, where we arrived this morning at ten o'clock. The Duke never seems to tire, for he walked some miles last night by the side of my palki when I was quite past active exertion, and felt thankful to lie down.

Our bag of the 3d March was—

- 1 Tiger.
- 1 Neelgae.
- 3 Spotted-deer.
- 2 Para.
- 1 Hare.
- 2 Florikan.
- 9 Partridges.
- 2 Bittern.
- 10 Snipe.

Here my diary ends. At Kheree we all re-assembled at Major Shaw's house, where the Duke and his *suite* were entertained at breakfast, and where Prince Alamayon was presented by Captain Speedy. The little fellow spent the morning there, and when he was asked by the Duke on his departure whether he had any message to send to any one in England, he said, "No." Pressed again, he said, after some consideration, "Yes, there is one." "What is it?" said the Duke. "Give my love to the Queen," was his answer, and I have no doubt the message went home in all its simple integrity.

About two o'clock the Duke started for Seetapoor, in a travelling carriage and pair, relays of horses having been sent on previously; and at dusk we drove into Seetapoor. Cavalry escort, guard of

honour, royal salute, and all the rest of it, dispelling the illusion of the last ten days, and reminding the Duke that his quiet holiday was over.

Before leaving Seetapoor, the Duke gave me the bag for the whole trip :—

- 5 Tigers.
- 1 Sambur.
- 1 Bara singha.
- 1 Gon.
- 1 Neelgae.
- 32 Spotted-deer.
- 37 Hog-deer.
- 9 Wild-boar.
- 41 Hares.
- 109 Partridges.
- 32 Pea-fowl.
- 14 Jungle-fowl.
- 4 Florikan.
- 14 Snipe.
- 2 Bittern.
- 2 Python.

Making a total of 305 head in eight shooting days.

Before leaving the camp at Marocha Ghat several handsome presents were made by the Duke. The Maharajah of Bulrampoor got a handsome double rifle ; Jung Bahadoor Sah, a revolver ; and Surrubjeet Sah, a hunting-knife. The old Shikaree Bucktawree, and the mahouts who drove the Duke's elephants, also had hunting-knives, and I think every servant in the camp or out of it got a liberal present

—not an elephant-driver or a palki-bearer being forgotten.

A handsome provision was also made for the three men who were injured during the trip, and I have since heard that they are all convalescent.

Here for the present I must leave the Shikar, and turn to harder work.

Yours very affectionately.

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